

An HUE and CRY after the
Shatter'd French Fleet,
 WITH THE
Distress'd Frenchman's Complaint
 AGAINST THE
English Jacobites

For Inviting them to Engage the *English* and
Dutch, in the late

SEA FIGHT:

WITH THE
JACOBITES Answer.

Gentlemen *Jacobites*, or rather *Abdicated Tatterdemallions*, (for
 by the prowess of your Success, and the strength of your Cause,
 I am afraid you are in Danger of falling under that thred-bare
 Destiny) In the Name of our Tripple-League, *Pope*, *Turk*,
 and *Devil*, how have you been maliciously pleas'd to give us a Damna-
 ble Invitation to Engage the *English* and *Dutch* Fleet; Now, by Saint
Lucifer, (pardon the prophanation, for that's one of our Masters Gods)
 with what Front have you decoy'd us into so fatal a snare! Now, alas,
 poor Souls, we as heartily believed we should have had your *Russel* and
 your *Carter*, your *Ashby* and your *Delawalt*, and the rest of your subma-
 rin's, all Tuned their Pipes to our *French* Hautboys, and your own dear
Irish Harps, and Danced about us as lovingly as so many *Tritons* and *Ne-*
reids, whilst our Great *Neptune* of *France* had rode Lord Sovereign of
 the Seas; and by so jolly a Turn-over to have Coop'd up all the *Hogan-*
Mogan Fleet, and Hoop'd their Butter-Firkins and Jerlt their Giggs *A-*
la-mode-de France. All this was as firm an Article of our Faith, as that our
 invincible Monarch is the true Son of *Lewis* the Thirteenth; and we as
 heartily believed we should have had you Chuckt as close under our
 Wings, as *St. Dennis* his Head under his Arm; and carried your selves as
 uprightly, and done as illustrious Miracles in our Cause and Service too;
 But to give us the Shamm, the Mump, the Banter, the Go-by; to return
 our first Complimental Salute of *all-Powder* and *no-Ball*, with wicked
 Chain-Shot and warm Iron; to souse upon us as keen as so many Kites
 at a Hen-roost; to swallow us at a Bitt, as a Man would do a Loach in
 Sack, or an Egg in Muskadine: a Pox of your Gorges! Ungracious Infid-
 els, what mischief have you done us! what a Heart-breaking Defeat
 (think-ye) will this be to our Grand *Lewis*, enough to give him a new
 Fitt of the Fistula. Was it not enough for the impudent Rebellious Ele-
 ments, the damn'd long Protestant wind in the bleak North-East Corner
 to hinder our *Invincible Armada* from our intended *Descent* and *Invasion*!
 But now to have a new Queen *Bess* and new Captain *Drakes* to Rise up
 against us; and our Little *French-Alexander*, our Universal Monarch, to
 be waked from his sweet Nap in his dear *Maintenons* arms, with so dismal
 a Thunder-clap, so woful a Cup of Wormwood, as the loss of his Navy:

NO. 3

A Navy that cost him so many Years Labour, so much stout *English Timber* borrowed upon Chalk, in the dear Reign of his old Faithful Drone of ever sleeping Memory; and all so lumping a Penniworth, almost as cheap as *Dunkirk*. And now after so many Years of true and faithful *British Obedience*, and Vassalage to their Great Lord of *France*, for the *English* to turn Recreants, Renegadoes against their Sovereign *Fleur-de-Lisses*. That once true *Spannell-Breed* to slip their Collars, drop their Clogs, and unhood their Muzzles, and bite their *French* Lords and Masters, like *Heriott Dogs* as they are. Ah Curse of your Romantick *Jacobite* Impudence, and all the rest of your lying Oracles, for flattering poor *French man* into this Fools-Paradise. Nay, so we should have been served, had we made our Invasion: Instead of running to us, as you did to your Prince of O——, I warrant ye, we should have had you for kicking and thumping (a Plague of your hard Toes) and given our sweet Faces amongst you no more wellcome then a Frost in *June*. Well, don't think to carry it off thus. If our great Heroes *Lemidoves* in *Flanders*, and *Pistoles* in *England* can but hire a knot of honest hardy *Ruffains*, dear Loyal Cut-throats (though we pay Millions for it) we are resolved to have a touch at the Weasons of our two great *French* Eye-sores, your little *Cyrus* abroad, and your *Semiramis* at home, with a brace of Consecrated Daggers; and perhaps live to give you a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*. But if the Devil does play us booty, and fail us in that design, the Curse of Bell, Book and Candle go along with you, and so e'ne hang your selves in your *Passive Obedience* Garter strings.

The JACOBITES Answer.

Sweet Gentlemen, angry Gentlemen, and (to our sorrow be it spoken) beaten Gentlemen; from the depth of our little Senses, and the bottoom of our less Souls, we condole your misfortunes. But alack and a day, does the blame lye at our Door? Alas, we have been more cheated then you; we thought the whole World had been so in love with *Brown Georges* and *Wooden Shoes*, that it had been impossible for 'em to have lifted up a hand against yours and our *Invincible Monarch* of *France*: Little did we think but our *Ruffel* and *Delavall*, and the rest of the *Submarines* you speak of, for the pleasure of Infamy, and the reward of Villany, might have been as passionate Doaters upon *Shackles* and *Slavery*, as either the best *French* or *Jacobite* Breed of us all. I am sure, if they had ever heard any of our *Non-Jurant* Conventiclers Preach, it had been impossible for 'em to have continued their unconverted Apostacy to such Heavenly *Non-Resistance Doctrine*; but in all due Homage and Obedience have fallen down and worshipt at the sound of the Psalteries and Sacbuts of the great all-commanding *Lewis*. But, Gentlemen, if yours and our Expectation are defeated, and all our *Pope-Land* Hopes, and *Wasser-Cake* prove Dough; all we have to do, is, like true Brothers in Affliction, to wail the common Calamity; and if possible, for some Reparation of your Losses, to wish you Success with the honest Cut-Throats, and dear Consecrated Daggers you speak of: to which Holy Work (as by the bounden Obligations of our *Jacobite* Religion and Principles) you shall want neither the ready Prayers, nor readier Hands of,

Your still Faithful, though, at present Drooping, Sworn Friends, &c.

Licensed, according to Order.

L O N D O N, Printed for J. Shaw, 1692.